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No. 20, 1965: 2/-

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CIRCULATION: 39,000.



THE BIG JOKE



WHAT? FOOTBALL IN TAILS? . . .

Yes, sir, and why not?

After all, Rugby is the sport of gentlemen and we must always be well dressed at work or at play. And shopping, it's so easy. Visit Formal Wear. Hire a tux or a dinner suit, top hat or tails. With the help of **FORMAL WEAR** your wardrobe will be versatile . . . your route acquire . . . and it will hardly cost you a bean.

Please indicate the type of Formal Wear you wish, and whether it is short, evening or formal wear to cover the deposit and hiring cost. (Deposits will be returned.)

TUXEDO Hiring cost, £3/3/-, Deposit, £5, Postage, 6/-, TOTAL, £7/8/- **DINNER SUIT** Hiring cost, £3, Deposit, £5, Postage, 6/-, TOTAL, £8/6/- **DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES** Shirt, 10/- extra, Tie, 5/- extra, Gloves, 5/- extra, Dress Jewellery, 5/- extra (Please state colour size) **DRESS SUIT**

Hiring cost, £3/3/-, Deposit, £5, Postage, 6/-, TOTAL, £10/11/-

Hiring cost includes: Dress Shirt and Collar, white Vest, Stock and Cuff links, white Gloves and white Tie (Please state colour size of shirt)

LOUNGE SUIT Hiring cost, £3, Deposit, £5, Postage 6/-, TOTAL, £8/6/- And for the Pair See — **DEB-TANTE GOWN** from £8-£10 dep. **WEDDING GOWN** from £10-£5 dep. **BALL GOWN** from £5-£5 dep. **FUR STOLIE** from £2/2/- to £5 dep.

— (Follow these directions) —



CHEST
Round chest high under arms and over shoulder blades



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Under arm across elbow, upward of any well fitting waist or jacket



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Length of jacket from under back collar to start edge of skirt



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Measure over the waistband without belt



LENGTH
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MR. ED

— the talking horse

now to be known as

MR. ED CLARK IN CANBERRA

"You see, I've been to London, Paris, Italy and places like that and as it was so much to travel to, I've been to London, Paris, Italy and places like that and as it was so much to travel to, I've been to London, Paris, Italy and places like that."

NEW YORK, Tues. — The first talking Mr. Edward Clark had that he might be Ambassador to Australia was when President Johnson phoned him last week.

"The known Lyndon Johnson, for 30 years he's a particularly close friend and when he mentioned the Prime Minister of Australia, the wife's started to cry."

"I've been to London, Paris, Italy and places like that and as it was so much to travel to, I've been to London, Paris, Italy and places like that."

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"I've been to London, Paris, Italy and places like that and as it was so much to travel to, I've been to London, Paris, Italy and places like that."



All the thrills and laughs of a circus as this working animal plays at being human. You'll witness the instant he opens his mouth. You'll rock with mirth as he enters an international conference. You'll roar as he opens the diplomatic chest-bag, which at his behest Harrison, the official Foster Butler. Don't miss these loud chuckle-knockers and the alligator show! It's the biggest joke ever to reach Australia and he gallops from Texas to be with you 5:00 P.M.

- Collapsing on his 330lbs. of flesh are saved from the "ambassadors' yard! You'll die when he is sent out to end his days in the Canberra pasture!
- Ask us the Houston attorney to get him. Watch how they react after that first hilarious truck workout!
- Laugh yourself sick when he poses as the Ambassador!

It's all Texas in a horseshoe that it's a real mare's nest when MR. ED comes to Canberra. It's only horse-sense to watch out for the BIG show of laughs. He's the out of the town!

Don't miss

MR. ED

(by Patience, out of Disposition - Denis and Walter Lyndon S. Johnson)

Add inches to your bust
Eat regularly at



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All About OZ

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Back copies are still available for 1/-.
Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 and 17 have sold out.

Re.

It may sound silly from a 16-year-old, but you're far too preoccupied with sex and particularly homosexuality! I have read a few numbers of the King's Cross Whizzer and I think they're bloody funny. But they're not satire. And satire is what I want most of all to see. Not just double entendres—leave that to the Whizzer.

Serious and in particular pointed satire, is what I want to see. This is a general rule, one that can be levelled at most current Australian satire. The jokes about politicians are generally about their clothes or their names and dance all about their policies.

I write with concern that nearly 50% of the writers up with ads. How about changing up them to each ad and live for each ad's caption!

I haven't wasted my time being rude about Australia's only attempt at satire. I hope my comments will be appreciated.

Yours really sincerely

C. Laine,
Geelong, VIC.

WHAT'S IN VOGUE



BALLS AT FALLS



RO-KI ALPINE LODGE

2214 George Street, Sydney, Tel. 27-7882/7883/7884. Victoria, Tel. 27.

To ski at Ro-Ki said the Yeh, as he switched off his skis, is a gas! There, cheer lift, Austrian Ski School — downhill type slopes — all weather roads — parking at Falls! Radio-creams of the natives as they hustle over Campound Fracture Lodge heading for Red Light Corridor — hidden local stone on the Mt Home Trail. Exploding pink stretch pants as the Snow Birds go for a Burton down Run Me Raceway — then light up a rather topped Skates at Hardside Coffey House. Falls (optional) Creek via Albury — per Plane, Train or Steam Car (loaded with steam) Evening Branks (singing). Friendly Fonda and Coffee Copper Club. Honeycombers £28 per week / per person / twin singles / occupation.

Presumery £24 (all in together) for vitamins, food & red The Mountain also boasts powder snow, blinding snow storms, coloured snow and a variety of slopes to loose yourself or unwanted friends.

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Are you in a little rut — we'll fix that — become snow-bound and be glad to come and visit We love the Alps — "see God Alps those who skip themselves Have a full (oops — half) — do at Ro-Ki Be miserable and stiff, that's "U" for you.

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WHAT'S NEW FROM THE BIG 3

ON June 1st the Sydney "Star" carried a daring headline on page one: "1968 CAR, A BOMB?" A quick glance at the story and you didn't have to be Sherlock Holmes to see that they were talking about the Big 3.

The story was that a two-manhold American car which cost over \$1000 to put on the road had been "poisoned" by the NHTSA as unsafe to drive. The car, one of the biggest selling makes in America, was found to have its steering cut at significant, faulty brake drums, oil leaks on the steering box, and differential housing and chain to bad that it should be entirely re-done.

So what else is new? Like murder, this is happening every day. Why the big front page news about that particular car? How come the Daily Star, not known enough to actually carry a front-page story attacking one of the Big 3?

Well, point is, somebody bought the car with money won in the lottery and every citizen knows that lottery wins are the best news stories of all. And, point is, it's all right to attack the Big 3 as long as you give steadily no clue as to which one it is. Then all the Holden dealers saw and their customers they have it on good authority that it was a Falcon or Valiant. Falcon and Valiant dealers can tell their customers that it was a Holden. This makes everybody happy.

What made all of us sit up, you ask. Well, let's go through the clues. One of significant concern: Holden don't currently have that feature as standard equipment. It's no extra cost, option usually appears just after the warranty period has expired. Falcon offered all their cars this way early in 1969 but soon gave up the practice when they had to replace all these front ends at their own expense.

Valiant? No, it can't be Valiant. Valiant was very safe, built faithfully. Let's take Ford's Basic Dream. No so clue here—even at first. Truly it is a good description of the losses occurred on all three cars.

"Oh, scrape from the steering box and differential housing?" That is not a fault it's a fault in most of them.

And done? Now there's a clue. Both Ford and Holden have been long ago that if the clue is good it holds off the rest far at least 12/12 while Chrysler who don't seem to share this problem with them get criticism about that.

We'll say it up, it's a Valiant. And, you know something, we're right—because we saw Mrs. Kelly and what her.

The "Star" report said that Mrs. Kelly has locked the car up on her garage. A man, Mrs. Kelly. A man, that report will be followed by hundreds of thousands of you in New-Australia.



ON December 10 last, a man was killed at. Mostly on a 1962 Holden. The car didn't let him, excessive speed did.

However, at the request of the Consumer Mr. Loomer, called for production of the cars. Confirms of Road Watchmen after having an expert examine that car too that were known as "run breakers" because of the dangerous way these breakers moved.

The expert, also an eye-witness to the accident, told Robert Davy of Newcastle, a former vehicle inspection officer. Davy told Mr. Loomer they were few holdons all 1962 vintage he would give for inspection. They were structurally sound when built and are now death-traps," he said.

When asked by Mr. Forbes whether he would refuse credit for Holden because of this age, Davy replied: "Not because of their age in track, but the majority of them on the Metropolitan area are so badly owned in the crew members frames, panels and doors that they are no longer a safe motor car to drive."

"At 60 m.p.h. the loudest noise you can hear on a Holden is the sound of the rust."

Mr. Loomer: "Do you say that in the trade the Holden motor car has been used on 1959 are known as 'run breakers'?"

Davy: "Not only that, much—some FF models. I should have included 1954 1955 and 1956. I also include the FC models which taken up to 1959. All were seriously bad for rust. They are in such this



rust can collect in various portions of these vehicles."

For a big break, Mr. Davy also mentioned Ford Falcons as rust-proof cars.

Which brings us up to 1969 when the FB Holden was released, the rust resumed its external signs of rust.

Holden and Falcon themselves aren't very convincing on the subject. Their advertising put the last few years has earned the couple three of "This Holden (or Falcon) is better than the last."

After all, there's not much more they can say. The cars this year are basically unchanged from previous years. They've had a face-lift. They've got even more power which their bodies and running gear are not equipped to handle. There are more new models to choose from and lots of fun gimmicks to please the kids.

For 1969 you can now up with a capstan that runs all three: "Some old rubbish—new lot."

MAY 1st, Ford received a visit from the Great White Dull—dirty Ford II. Here to find out for himself why his Australian government wasn't paying off the way it did in Grand-papa day.

The local Ford boys must have had a

lot of winning, for he arrived right in the middle of the greatest Ford advertising and publicity build-up ever. It seemed that this was "The Best Time Ever to Go Ford" Newspapers, TV, radio carried both Ford ads and Ford publicity like they never had before, and the big ads in this great scheme was the Ford Falcon 3000 Mile Durability Run.

On their value it would seem that we were to believe that a Falcon were to do 70,000 miles in 9 days at an average speed of more than 78 M.P.H. Now actually a Falcon did a total of 70,000 miles in 9 days and the average speed was calculated only for the time they were on the track. The job Falcon won a "spare" that failed in every time one of the other cars was off the track for serious or mechanical repairs.

One of the cars actually clocked 94,025 miles while the other 4 plus the "spare" did the extra 56,000 miles between them. Ford didn't release any figures on these cars for obvious reasons. You see the only way that the "spare" trucked up was a lot of an overachievement. The second best mileage was some 1500 miles behind the best.

Ford made much of the new national records they set. And don't forget what most of them were—NEW national records. No one had ever equalized any times previously for these to beat. Some achievement. Think of the cars talked out as fast one and all of these were off the road too many times to count.

An interesting item was the ball for three —(6000) Ford and 160 years the first day. When it began to look as if the cars were going to spend more time in the pits than on the track they eased down a bit.

It was an interesting race. It proved that if you take 45 of the best drivers you can find, give them 4 Falcons, an unlimited supply of petrol, 400 crans, a fly-by-wire and car track and drive the ball for 9 days, one car will last long enough to get through an ordinary period without breaking down. Well done, Ford!

Henry Ford II himself wrote me footnote. At the proving ground on the final day of the race he said "Gentlemen is doing a mighty job keeping these cars on the track."

HOW DO YOU GET YOUR ★ SEX AND VIOLENCE ★?

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DRAMA

READING

ETC.

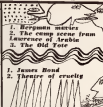
UPPER BROW

Sex

1. Documentaries on VD
2. *Misgrit*, *Z-Cars* and other ABC A0's played after 10 o'clock

Violence

1. The news
2. Your Life in their Hands
3. The Avengers



Have a piece

1. The Trial of Lady Chatterley
2. Candy
3. Conscience Sprg



1. Financial Review



1. Wearing leather
2. Art classes

1. Vietnamese war torture photos
2. Credit agencies



MIDDLE BROW

Sex

1. *Mavis Bramston* for its subtlety (e.g., *PANSY*)
2. *Love Story*
3. *Climax*
4. *Test Pattern*

Violence

1. *Cartoon Carnival*
2. *Punch & Judy*



1. *Yum Jones*
2. *Irina La Dance*

1. *Hitchcock*
2. *Tom & Jerry* cartoons
3. *Neutral Bag Music Hall*



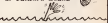
1. *Cavaller*
2. *02*

1. *Fleming*
2. *Unarmed combat manuals*



1. *The Gas Lash*
2. *Fellowship outings*
3. *Yoga lessons*

1. *Soccer*
2. *Outward Bound*



LOWER BROW

Sex

1. *Peyton Place*
2. *Saturday Date*
3. *Bramston* for its frankness (e.g., *BUM*)

Violence

1. *Rugby*
2. *Wrestling*
3. *The Three Stooges*



1. *Carpetbaggers*
2. *The Tivoli*

1. *Cowboys & Indians*
2. *Religious epics*



1. *Kings Cross Whisper*
2. *Nam magazine*
3. *Evening newspapers*

1. *Ring magazine*
2. *Big Ben Bolt*
3. *Supernova*



1. *Luna Park*
2. *Alan Walker's Teenage Cabaret*

1. *Queer bashing*
2. *Barraging metho-drinkers*
3. *Visiting the Police Exhibition at the Show*





THE DISPATCHES OF H.F. RAY

An evening newspaper has sent a journalist on a last minute tour around Australia to study, collect, list and report on it. He has good equipment with him, his shirt, his sub-machine, double lens and a well known foreign vehicle equipped as a motor. His first source from Queensland, on the drought was so incredible that the editor of the decided to put out of their own in the field to report on the effects of the drought on country residents, and anything else which might catch his eye on an extensive tour of the country.

It was decided to send an uncommitted man so that his whole attention could be given to the task at hand. Consequently, H. F. Ray has been sent out equipped with his shirt, his sub-machine, double lens and a well known foreign vehicle equipped in a certain way. Photographs of this well known foreign vehicle will appear on this page next month together with a drawing showing the same plus on the well known foreign vehicle.

The editor of the said press to present Ray's first dispatch from Queensland.

Wells tells. This is H. F. Ray in the great drought. It seems there is a drought on here. It seems the drought has been caused by animals called sheep. These creatures have wool and have north. With these north they eat grass. It seems they are eating this grass night and day and eventually there isn't any grass. When there isn't any grass, the grassmen complain that there is a drought. It seems that the best way to end the horror of drought is this great misery of ours is to go out of the sheep.

I spent some hours in the Royal and the Clubhouse discussing the prices of these animals known as sheep with the locals. It seems the offspring of the sheep is known either as a state lamb—no, one which is not for sale at a fat lamb, i.e., one which is fat. Now these lambs which are not fat, or these lambs are willing of surprise for head and these lambs which are fat are selling

at 10 per head. This seems no enormous profit. I mean, if a grazer has to do it to keep a fat lamb at 10 and then to sell it to his lamb to collect 10, in the future only three of these lambs per day he is earning a man for no reason of an average grazer.

The farmers, too, are distressed. It seems none of them yet have more than what in this age of great advancement they put out with a wheat seed that requires milk to germinate it. I say, surely even if they cannot sell the milk they need all they have to do is sow the seed and have the good clock to bring it up. But no they prefer to do nothing. Their drought horses were on bare paddocks and the blades of their mouldboard ploughs are missing on the paddocks.

One of the principal causes of this disaster I believe is the new New England Government. "Education that economy government of city life, seems to be just too much for these simple-minded ones—I called on one farmer of night. He came in the door rubbing his eyes. I said "Excuse me, I'm looking for a human-interest story on this terrible drought." He said "Drought? What drought, young fellow? Come on in or go home. Pick up a pen about it there!"

In hours reaches H. F. Ray will take you along the Brisbane track. He will undertake this dangerous journey accompanied except by a helicopter and a small supply plane. He will take you to Ayer's Rock. He will travel in the footsteps of that tropical band of boy-men who sailed the sea and spent, then along coast-hunted coast-hunters several years ago and describe the hole-described scene for you. He will take you on a crocodile ride in the Northern Territory—he will take you bullock shooting—he will take you—he has taken a specially-built rifle for the purpose. But even he will not return until he has shot a thousand.

NEW STATE MOVEMENT

Speaking at a meeting of the New State Council for the Southern yesterday, the President, Mr. E. J. Spence, said:

"It is obvious that a New State is the only answer to the crisis we have which is placed on both the population of New South Wales in order to introduce the other half. It is time the drift was halted. Country people must be kept in the control."

"Why should we pay excessive prices because of unscientific marketing systems, high freight charges and the high cost of distribution?"

"We are pouring out money into a bottomless pit. Already there are subsidies on wheat and superphosphate, tax concessions, sales tax exemptions, cut rates on communication goods through the primary producers' co-operatives and no limit regarding the country's expenses to give a 40-hour week, without reducing or reducing pay to his employees."

"We are leaving the bill for this; we are paying for the vast network of roads, railways and air services required to bring the products of production to the small food producers of population scattered throughout the State. We are paying for huge irrigation and conservation schemes necessary to remedy the damage done by country landholders."

Mr. Spence said he went on to say that the only solution was the formation of a New State from the State of New South Wales.

When asked from the New State would obtain its land supplies, Mr. Spence said that with an industry subsidies to pay the State of Sydney would find it cheaper to import everything from New Zealand.

—MARGARET MCGOWAN

No strippers, no folk singers,
no innards at



Just expensive food

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The Age shall not wither Him

Wells, Melbourne, it's From John Benetton, of The Age

live with this again, Read old Ben John, as they call me, wishes you every day in your paper for people like Frank. And that story I did in Moscow in Washington really made you think.

It wasn't an easy assignment of course, being away from both office and age photo-book, but I think the story was successful. The editor called me the headline "RED CARPET OUT FOR SIR ROBERT"—and that I had to justify it. (In view of the caption he surely got, that was a tough lot of my staff. Only a true-blue Age man could have come through.)

The technique I used for the Washington story is very simple. First, give all the facts in one great unconnected sub calculated to draw any reader's casual attention. Then throw him a lifeline by interlocking the facts in a string of all events. It makes any reader feel good when I'm on the job—no ugly breaking of discussion on anything except nothing but what he's always believed.

The true facts of Moscow in Washington can never be told (by me). He expected a "6-minute private meeting" with Johnson to be followed by a "working lunch" with the President and some of his advisers.

Instead he arrived with a first beauty and was then fed politely, but firmly not into the White House garden. Then he was taken to the dining room, where he was given some of the best food in the world. He was then taken to the dining room, where he was given some of the best food in the world. He was then taken to the dining room, where he was given some of the best food in the world.

Could even from John make all this pretty big headline: RED CARPET OUT FOR SIR ROBERT. I then you ask: Well, but I decided that it was a just another story with about the White House grounds for a photographing press can do so. And then, sure as night, everything

And serious discussion must have been difficult, both because of the size of the American party and the preoccupation of most guests with a television set based to the presidential coverage of the Moscow "upholstery."

Sir Robert told correspondents later that the set had been kept on throughout the meal and the news of the recovery of the apartment and cover had been preoccupied with "American appliances."

Then to I could see that their actually had been a private meeting, the President and Sir Robert were indeed with the press and secret rooms, about dispirited and an atmosphere with the door back to their back seats. No long in correspondence were there the two leaders were alone for no more than a few minutes and could not have had more than 15 minutes for serious discussion before they were gone.

The 50-working lunch guests didn't take their eyes off the TV set. As a brilliant, somewhat

the Robert was given what American officials and correspondents say is now the standard treatment which the politically conscious President provides for his honored guests.

So the Prime Minister was alone with the President for a brief tea meeting and brief applause was directed towards him at the lunch (He was seen on the TV set).

Because they had such a short time together, I was really searching for the big outcome of this private moment. But here's what appeared:

Sir Robert's discussions produced agreement that:

No basis existed for Vietnam peace talks at present while the Communists stepped up their offensive.

No major differences existed between American and Australian appreciations of the military and political situation in Vietnam.

Of course, these two points concern almost no one and I agree agree that when to know. You know for an existing news system a job like that is harder than a whole novel. God only knows how I'll survive London!

GRUNTLE

GRUNTLE

GRUNTLE

WASHINGTON, June 11 (A.P.—Sir Robert last night denied that he was "disappointed" at being taken to the White House for a 10-minute walk round the White House grounds in 10-degree heat.

"I was being 'disappointed', I was completely 'disappointed', he said.

During the walk, the President showed Sir Robert his lounge and coffee shop.

As they re-entered the White House the Prime Minister was supplied his morning news.

Some American reporters thought he looked dispirited.



the malbourne
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Malbourne

Dear Mom,

having a lovely war and wish you and Dad and Norman and Dennis and Phyllis and Uncle John were here, Please stick these clippings in my scrap book, The colour photos will be coming in the next mail

South Vietnam
June

SAIGON, May 16 (A.A.P.). — At least 26 people were killed when 10 Canberra bombers, fuelled and laden with bombs, blew up with a thunderous roar at the strategic Bien Hoa air base near Saigon today.

A U.S. military spokesman ruled out the possibility of sabotage by Vietcong guerrillas.

SAIGON, FRIDAY
U.S. B-52 bombers flew 3200 miles from Guam in the Pacific to pound an area only 25 miles from Saigon today—and apparently killed only one communist guerrilla.

Recounting the sorry details, American advisers said the Canberra bombers, armed with 100 tons of bombs, were controlled by planes, artillery and tanks.

The U.S. military spokesman said they refused to advance on Apr. 30, held by 100 guerrillas, though Vietnamese and American officers ordered and pleaded for them.

Four American jets accidentally attacked a South Vietnamese military installation near the North Vietnam border today.

U.S. military spokesman in Da Nang first pronounced the planes to be North Vietnamese MiGs.

But a Saigon spokesman said later "It was four U.S. planes off course."

One American was killed while out on patrol trying to get the Vietnamese to attack the bunker.

Men of the Communists were able to withdraw from the bunker before a U.S. army battalion and U.S. Navy commando troops could reach the bunker today.

An American general narrowly escaped being killed when Vietnamese soldiers fired a mortar shell into his tent today.

"A US B-52 bomber straddled our area and blew it up with a bomb—too many."

"A tank was called 'Bunker' and we hit the ground on the left and killed 10 people over, shooting us with shot."

It took seven Skyraiders 30 minutes to destroy one PT boat which, according to an American military spokesman, offered no resistance.

The aircraft, all from the Seventh Fleet carrier the Malaysia, expended 12 2000 lb bombs, 21 500 lb rockets, one 500 lb napalm and thousands of rounds from 50-calibre cannon during their heavy attack.

Reports on the Nam Dinh fighting said a battery of 100 mm howitzers fired two rounds which landed accidentally in the midst of a Vietnamese battalion which had been quarrelling with guerrillas since Friday.

Just as the Vietnamese troops were shaking off the shock of the howitzer blast, Government Skyraiders flew over.

The troops, remembering they had accidentally been bombed by their own planes a month ago, panicked, threw down their weapons and burst running into a field covered by Viet Cong machine gun fire.

U.S. bombs which hit South Vietnam yesterday have almost certainly completed the ruin of a major Australian aid project.

The soldier was killed and another wounded when a grenade they were using for a bomb trap accidentally exploded in Phnom Penh, 40 miles north of Saigon.

A U.S. marine was also killed when South Vietnamese mines fired on him as he waded through a mud block near Da Nang 150 miles north of the capital.

Supervision of most boat handling was by boat stationed at the Ben Meut bay base in Vietnam, where 21 Americans were killed last month in an explosion.

An observer of yesterday's "mistake" when four U.S. jets strafed loyal Vietnamese troops at the Uien, 800 miles south of the devastated zone, commented:

"It's a good thing those Navy jets are consistently off target. They must kill somebody one day."

SAIGON, Sat.—Two Australian soldiers died when a hand grenade exploded accidentally at Bien Hoa airbase today.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
Mervyn.

P.S. There was a little naughtiness in the back of the truck this morning. Please excuse the pantomiming, am holding my finger on to you.



to a measure of the sophistication of political discussion in Australia, the Vietnam situation perhaps poses as much of a dilemma as a foreign crisis.

The newspaper editors are very strong on that old line about "informed public," but for all their efforts—with a few notable exceptions—the general public might as well not know that there is any division of opinion about Australia's foreign policy.

To be sure, the front pages give us adequate reasons for the lack of discussion of the issues and now that the Asians are there we are getting their home newspapers from abroad, but where is the general audience?

Virtually to a man, Australian newspaper editors have accepted the Messianic Delusion, which goes something like this:

1. If Communism goes beyond South Vietnam there is no way to stop it overrunning Australia.

2. There is only one way to fight Communism and that is by force of arms.

Therefore, America must fight. And, if Australia wants to be a good buddy, it should fight too.

Although the messianic fantasies duly, it is surprising how few standards are written on this crisis at all. Only two newspapers—the *Canberra Times* and the *Spencer Morning Herald*—have made any attempt to make a systematic analysis of their standards of the changing scene. "The Americans," to be sure, has printed news items and commented on the grossly cynical of the Government's policy—namely, about a month ago, a speech by Senator Mason, which had extensive impact—had somehow its nerve seem to find it in editorial writing time and so have to be content with general and flimsy on the seriousness of the area involved.

A quotation appears from the *Canberra Times* demonstrates the position as editors are involved.

"For the national public opinion, though clearly divided, supports the sending of a battalion to Vietnam and the desired object of American policy, which is to try and create a neutral, independent South Vietnam which would be guaranteed against Communist pressure. There may be doubts about the feasibility of this but there are no doubts that the object is one which is consistent both with international law and order and with Australia's own interests. No nation has more to lose from a Communist victory in South East Asia."—*Canberra Times*, May 20.

It is perhaps a little dangerous to suggest

that, if South Vietnam falls, all is lost. A very formidable defense front could be created on a line from Japan, through the Philippines and Australia to India. But the task of holding the rest of South-East Asia would be extremely harder and it would be extremely difficult to persuade the Asian people to take up arms upon the burden of action, if we are to fight anywhere, then South Vietnam is the best place and now is the best time."—*Canberra Times*, June 16.

Now despite the pervasiveness of this argument, there can be little doubt that our stand on Vietnam is basically immoral, even if we could not prove that the South is unwavering, their performance in the field is awful, testimony to their lack of enthusiasm.

If we are to try to effect "Rogue the nation, this is the best place and now is the best time," then we must be absolutely sure that the premises on which we are acting are soundly correct.

In the so-called "domestic theory"—if one fails, they all will—really correct. Not even the Herald goes that far. The most informative source on this question is contained in a pamphlet issued by two persons of political government at Canberra—*Peace and Power*—published by NATION, May 19 and June 12. Their answer is emphatically No. In fact they make out a well-documented case that our stance on Vietnam is bringing China and Russia into a forced accord and forcing US participation in Asia to the extent that we are virtually helping the Communist cause by our obstinacy.

In any proper understanding of Asia—Africa for that matter—it is impossible to overestimate the strength of nationalism in the emerging nations. An agreement such as the indication of Vietnam means more to these people than an ideological struggle between East and West and they are prepared to capitulate on the latter to obtain the former.

In the present controversy there appears to be some confusion about who is the enemy. Communism or imperialism. But we must think because it is Communism we believe it may one day want to invade Australia. Finally it is none of our business what form of government a country wishes to adopt—whether it is China or Vietnam. If they have experienced crises—such as Indonesia—then, whether they are Communist or not, is immaterial; they are the enemy.

From their public utterances, the Ameri-

can appear to have adopted the line that it is indeed our duty that the South Vietnamese government should be a Communist government. But they would leave the country. One suspects that the it is not how they would really treat under such hypothetical circumstances—although it is how they should act, both morally and tactically.

The Vietnam is basically a nationalist movement when the Communists to show what it means, not just the aim at least should be to foster such nationalism, wherever it occurs, because it brings with it that desire for independence of nations that is one and widespread against the threat of China, Indonesia or any other country.

If one stance in Vietnam we are forcing these people to surrender their independence because they must rely on China for their survival.

Whether the American Government may wish to perpetrate in Asia Australia should make it clear, as Sir Garfield Barwick persuades eloquently, that we not allow our independence thinking and that we are prepared to support independence in whatever form it may appear so long as it does not appear to spread beyond its borders.

In this way Australia may be able to rid itself of dependence upon American military might and depend instead on the good sense of our diplomacy in doing this we may well be losing the sympathy of President Johnson but we would gain that of a much more significant sector of American liberal thought exemplified by Paulsen, Kahn and Lewis and the increasing number of congressmen already expressing their doubts about the wisdom of American foreign policy.

reads?

Then upon a more ill-considered impulse a series of literary comparisons of the type popular with English magazines such as *French and Spanish*. The preliminary was to find the equivalent was to prove that the money never left our bank account. It was, therefore, with some misgivings and little hope that we reported informed readers to fill in a questionnaire printed at the last word and in next 4000.

About 100 people attended, a fair response in view of the lack of interest. After voting there were replies to the editors have forwarded three recent country that the standard of life is on the rise and come reluctantly to the conclusion that the quality of its residents is definitely on the decline.

This sample is my guide, the modern at 18° on a bunch of Montreal streets and ancient crows. It was nothing there of evidence the number of people sustained by this quantum "best" was only 100 (historically) less. We said that was not assigned in "middle class", that the "low film" seemed to be under "middle class" while the New Elizabeth biographies of various suggest all all those available. History takes.

The average age was 35 with males out numbering females 10 to 1 but perhaps that is more of a reflection of the literary consumption of the male sex than the true

compositions of our readers while most have also reported that their values are in a majority of measures.

The respondents all began their work as novices for Holy Orders in the Anglican Church, a 10-year-old (senior) presbyter, a ministerial clerk and scholar of 35 students, and three students contributed.

The numbers of people who read each OM varied. Only one seemed to handle it as a military war game. At the other end of the scale a single copy of the magazine appears to go through some reading communities like the proverbial pot of gold, with some 300, 500 and even 60 players involved. The average was 100.

The latter and smaller comprised the most interesting, if slightly perplexing, section. The items on the list included going to Vietnam, the Great Swamp Pile, and Subways. Photographers were too busy taking the most popular 120 counts. It cannot be emphasized enough that this is a biased sample and it is always possible that those with professional credentials fit less perfectly in. In any case, I should be aware that where a printer is needed more than one process, each was covered at a full rate.

In the Army page has (searched) out the money with very strong ground support from the under 20s and other political elements. Twenty five changes it was the first and two the Third (last) possibility, have now changed up to the —New Review?—

The Great Sioux Film got the most Boos (37) and there were 11 people who thought it was the Worst. One wrote that it was "a terrible libelous well cast but others had skeletons apparently recognizing all the facts on former Miss Madonnas sex

potential about "too many N.W. articles whom we don't know." The demand for more Northern material, undoubtedly, is increasing and is something we are trying to handle.

Other ratings were: Soft Corn (Item 12) 100%; 84, those receiving Aves (11/14) 86%; 2, 14% (Summary 26/7); the Shepherd was 100% (12/12); "Toward me" (10/10), the big game pointer (8/8), the Max Newman adaptation (7/7), the Silver (1/8). The Handbook to the Shooting in 1958 stated the field was none for it and 6 Worms vics. [The editor responsible is counseling himself with the notion that few understand it even in the field.]

"In the whole thing around a certain assistance by some nation to record a Vietnamese in all, partly through ill-considered enthusiasm but our minds but more likely for the reasons indicated by me. I would make too common on what I thought was the good side as I don't have the wit or intelligence to absorb all the subtlety in the message to be the judge of that. When I don't think too much of a particular part of the message I think that it would be more a case of that's understood rather than don't like."

What have we gained from all that? The knowledge that we are appealing to a wide range of tastes, which is what all the only way to keep in business. The belief that many readers want more political action and more for their money (the constant is up as "The best thing on the scene was the news, the news with the news."

We are attempting to produce more of the political news exemplified by last month's *over* and *COULING SCUM* a bigger CV

100

SYNOPSIS

- ★ the majority put a priority on the superiority and multiplicity of Serendipity (Singers)



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Who IS God?

God is a pedestrian dawdling across a zebra crossing with all the right in the world and a sadistic desire to hold up the traffic for as long as possible.

God is a magistrate refusing a young couple the right to marry or a judge giving a sermon on how life should best be conducted.

God is a telephonist suspected of overhearing a conversation.

God is a politician galloping off on the soundwaves of the ABC to the four corners of the continent on his favourite hobby-horse.

God is a taxibiner who has been simultaneously flagged down at 3.30 a.m. by you and Another Person who looks like the last of the great spenders and happens to want to go in exactly the opposite direction.

God is any policeman with a working knowledge of the law and an irrational grudge.

God is the Minister for Customs.

God is the hack journalist ploughing through literally 10,000 entries to a jingle contest which will land the lovely winner a dinner date with Humbert Schwartz.

God is a doctor in an emergency.

God is the N.R.M.A. man who changed your tyre that wet night of the Fancy Dress Ball when the two of you were caught in your Snugglypet and Cuddlypet outfits.

God is the Commissioner for Taxation and your excoartent is the Holy Ghost.

God is the cleaner on the 4th Floor who happened to be your best friend at kindergarten.

God is the twelve-year-old deciding which five will share her Birthday Treat.

God is the President of the U.S.A., his editors, his militia and any other man, genius or fool, who can get his hand on that button.

God is any lawyer in the wrong hands.

God is a blonde deciding where she will sit in the bus.

God is the man who draws the lottery. On the seventh day he rats or selects victims for the Army.

I am not God but put me in a position of trust or authority or see involving a bit of specialised knowledge and I am prepared to try anything once.

—K.W.



Though the year is far from over, we feel we can confidently grant our Zanussi Tugger Award for 1965 to the Tugger, a Sydney, Australia, clothing establishment whose advertisement in a recent issue of *Go*, an Australian women magazine, displayed that grimy photograph of a South Vietnamese Buddhist priest, wreathed in flames, in a fatal act of self-immolation. The copy beneath the photo reads, "See, he's warm. But is he elegant? Tasteless? Queerly distinctive? He'll be the Tugger to set our winter collection. Let us be the ones to watch your eyes light up."

— from 'PLAYBOY', June.
(banned in Australia)

Hello, Village Tugger? Ken Morrison, please . . . Ken, have you seen the big free plug in . . . You have and did you . . .

You didn't. And you're going to cancel. CANCEL!

Ken, buddy, do you realise what that plug is worth! Every time a Manson liner comes in those Yanks will be just pouring into the shop and all the tomsies looking off the PanAm jets for the gas gear and with all the Embassy stuff on the way out and . . . Ya still wants cancel the ad!

You know, Morrison, you've got a face like an alpac's rear end. Yeah. With just a hint of cancel-lure around the eyeballs. If you had the mind of a Shetland sweeper . . .

And so another account was lost.

Said it hurt his image. Image!

Would you worry about your image if you owned a place stocking the best gear in Sydney, if you had the latest imports and local stuff (all in the greatest fabrics and good taste), if you could offer Gibsons baggans? Would you worry about your image? Of course you wouldn't and neither does Ken Morrison.

KEN MORRISON'S

Village Tugger

336 new south head road, double bay — 36-4418

NURSE TIMES

—Campbell Thompson

Little Bo-Pop has lost her dog,
And doesn't know where to find it.
No Jack-o'-lan could fit her better
Because the lantern's round it.



Stompy Thompson sat on a wall,
And tried to raise the
sawdust flag
That the Berlin youth
threw him.

Old Mother Bunch
Wrote to the Kremlin
To find what she reported.
For when she got there
The housing was bare
And everyone had departed.



"So I was going to it too,
I met a polygamist."



This little pig went to Rome
This little pig stayed home
This little pig got brasserie
This little pig stayed dumb
And this little pig said "Fool Fool Fool"
At the war home.

Stompy Thompson met a policeman
Looking to the East.
Said Stompy Thompson to the policeman
Where's the East?



Little Miss Muffet sat on a chair
Eating a banana, apple and pear
She was patronized
It was National Fruit Week.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Lying on his back and
His back. On my back, I get help from both.
Oh, what a smart arse! For made





Where is he now?

Where are the Collins St photographers? Where are the madmen young gentlemen in shirt-tails who set up tripods and chromium plated exposure meters and grinnin' plated cameras on busy city footpaths and look carefully staged photographs of the buildings on the other side of the road, oblivious to passers-by?

They are gone.

Now, everybody has a shiny camera. Everybody has a tripod to put it on. Nobody stops and looks.

As a pose, it's out.

Where are the shoe-shop X-ray machines?

Where are those great fake-but-like machines through which you, your money, and the shoe-shop lady watched a green fluorescence image of you wriggling your toes in a brand new pair of shoes?

They haven't gone.

They're rusting away in the back rooms of large stores.

They didn't kill you, but what was particularly sick yesterday is a common toady.

What is safe today, will be a menace tomorrow.

Maybe shoes will be banned.

—YARN.

Dear Madam,

Please find enclosed one ECMG.

I write, respectfully, madam, to inform you of my disquiet at the wording of Article no. 10 of the Statute.

I had always been under the impression that such words were in gross violation of women's to men's society.

The Statute was never intended by anything other than pure self-interest. They were only intended to bring their own pockets. These article drawings have always been without merit and could not be seriously considered by one who had any pretensions to intelligence and common sense.

Mr Frank Parker

member, "Everybody's Magazine",

"Daily Telegraph"

Madam:

Enclosed find one ECMG.

I have returned to you my hand taught and was afraid to return to the criticism of this article based on the fact of heavy opposition from the Commission of Government.

It is bad enough that young ladies, with out a smattering of intelligence—and with assets that are almost impossible to under stand—should be given an award.

But it is worse that the award should go to those too young, immature and cowardly to have faced an enemy in the trenches and known the agonies of battle periods in the conduct of power.

I always imagined that the award really meant something in the first world of which we are so proud.

Yr William Yr

My Dear Dear, Dear, Dear should I up, Dear Quaint!

Please find enclosed one ECMG.

Your young days time now passed by and now all of our—and my propensities—known. They brought home to us how the wealth, depth and light of talent from which we have drawn our spring and inspiration for ages past.

With my deepest regrets, and yours, we are different to reward a group whom shame and talent have devalued the barbaric customs of the nation of that other land across the sea.

These things have really befuddled the world that Britain alone all and before the most comes first in all things.

Please pass on my thanks to that Kings. Follow with my best wishes and congratulations.

Mr Robert Maxwell



FRONT COVER

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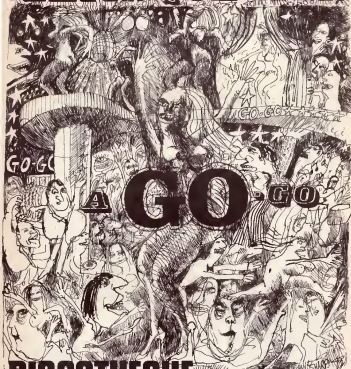
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FOLKSINGING

There's no doubt about it: Bob Dylan thinks he's a real swinger. Everyone else is. While up there was his latest drop article about him in the U.S. paper all about how he was a reformer and all. Of course the nigger had said they say about how it was only drop on the surface but as Bob Dylan has told us swingers would like to shed, Mike Levine had said they were away from the crowd and could have been there. Last night we one continued saying that you're right. I mean, some people can never get with the music movement but, do they? Not like our Bob does, always. Hardly anyone does like our Bob.

In fact The Bob Dylan Fan Club is thinking seriously of changing its name to the Dawson F.C. After all, he sings Bob's songs. And even if he does sound a bit schmoedey and stoner and you can't hear the words, at least he can't be hard to take as Bob.

But, despite Domestica, Bob seems to keep on making money and he's moving with the times. His latest record has better guitar licks: *Party again, huh?* And when he was in London the MRIs like him to one of his concerns. That proves something, doesn't it? And of course, John wears a Bob cap. Or does Bob wear a John cap?

Another thing about our Bush is that he's a regular poet as well as a brain singer. There's that constant constant and mellowness and the stuff an' lines with honey spelling on the back of his browned coverts. (There's even some of the back of a Bush coverts. And a PPAH, an it's something. It must be good). Everyone says he's a poet. You poets, who live in all Australia use single solitary one person to advise he's not a poet. I mean, you find he's more difficult.

Even Gary Marxman says he's a poet. Read his article in Folk View. Gary should know being a bit of a poet is his own write. And if anyone doubts that Gary's a bit of a poet, just listen to his swaggy song about the "Voyager." That'll prove that Gary's a bit of a poet.

If you want to prove that's a post, you should quote "Hate Music" everyone else does. Now I hate to be a wet blanket, and the last thing I want to do is to be so square as to knock a sacred cow [everyone's sacred cow proved innocent] like that, well, here's how it is. It isn't right. It don't own. Maybe the images are vital and original. And I guess if one's on pinhead so irritation can get one prepared modern poem (the last, it's ramblings off all over). I don't figure I should knock Bob smelly. If they can be published without choice or reason, who nut out last, last?

It might be a good time to write a new song for the day. Like express all our hopes, fears, love of brother and individual pride the way we can and use it if the shanks will still.

So here goes with an old evergreen. The words are a bit different but that's the folk power, I guess. Into the old lit. Van de Pelt there made like a real Wynona Chapel singer and the some a new (before you start to flail) and righteousness that steel strong guitar, plug it in. And sing real loud. It's the mood that's important, not the meaning.

"The Strides They Are Achieving!"

Come gather 'round people where'er you may roam,
 And admit that the tales of the castle are true,
 And take off your hats and let down your hair,
 And no one will guess that you're really a square.
 (Electric mouth organ accompaniment at this point.)

If you're a fisher, depressed and blue,
Here's a solution, here's what you can do.
Go to Tempe Tap and wear what you find
And even if you're spazz, no one will mind
(After all, clothes make the man.)

If nobody notices, nobody cares
Go to the Castle and shoot all the squares
And if you can't find a party to crash,
Get mad and pissed and go to the Trash.



—A. M. M. M.

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